

Adelaide drew to a close, an increasing interest in the meetings became evident, many attending so regularly that they seldom missed a night. With more zeal in the Soldiers came more power and

More Souls for Jesus.

The farewell meetings will live long in the memory of hundreds in Adelaide—beginning with Kneedrill and a Love-Feast at 6.30 a.m. Then the Soldiers mustered at Hindmarsh-square at 10.15, where an Open-air meeting was held, when a good number followed the Army in their march to the Barracks, which was crowded. Then, in the afternoon, a large gathering met in the Botanic Gardens Reserve. Again, in the evening, a

Monster Meeting

took place in the Town Hall, where Captain Rolfe was surrounded by numerous comrades. The whole proceedings passed of exceedingly well, and must have pleased the Captain and cheered him to go on

his way rejoicing. Then, on Monday, a number of Officers and Soldiers met at the wharf at Port Adelaide, to give their late Captain their parting salutes, when they sang—as the South Australian steamed off with those who had become endeared to every Soldier in Adelaide—"Will you meet me at the Fountain?" The Army handkerchiefs were seen waving for some time, and before the steamer got out of hearing distance,

Three Volleys were given

in real Army style; and then many returned to Adelaide, wishing Captain Rolfe and his dear wife a long and useful career in Victoria, or anywhere else they may be for the future. God bless them! We believe them to be real earnest Soldiers of the Cross, and now that Captain Rolfe has gone to be the A.D.C. of Major Barker, we pray that God may bless him more than ever, and make him the honoured instrument of leading many precious souls to the Saviour of sinners. Amen and amen!



A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF



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LIFE OF CAPTAIN ROLFE

CAPT. EMMANUEL ROLFE was born Dec. 3, 1853, at Berwick St. James, a village in the county of Wilts. His parents were poor, and had to toil hard to support a large family. His father was a farm labourer, and a Methodist by persuasion, as the term goes—the only one converted in the family at that time, and being the only Methodist in the village, must have had a quiet time, and, no doubt, would have welcomed the Salvation Army if they had marched by; but as Sunday came round, he was generally marched hither and thither to lift up Jesus as the Saviour from sin.

The family, on the contrary, attended the Church of England services, and as they grew up, were duly confirmed, and entitled to the rites of the church. At fifteen years of age it came to the young Emmanuel's turn to have the laying on of hands by the bishop, although it brought no evident change in his heart or life. But the

Mantle of a Prophet

had descended upon the father, who used to take the boy Emmanuel in the arms of faith and lay him upon the Altar, asking God to make him wise to win souls. The father had gone so far as to tell the people that, some day, Emmanuel would preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to poor lost sinners, which

Prophetic Utterance

has been amply fulfilled by his becoming a Salvation Army Captain. Young Rolfe used to feel not a little proud to think that he was helping to support himself—earning more, but getting eighteen-pence a week, by scaring the birds from his master's corn. As he grew in years and waxed in strength, he became a ploughboy, or drove a team, during which occupation he had many

Narrow Escapes

from being kicked to death by vicious animals, or nearly killed by runaways, one time being run over and was expected to have been killed.

One beautiful haymaking day
He was driving horses with load of hay,
When off they started in that north field—
Sure enough, to them he had to yield.
Although the team he tried to stop,
They still went on faster than trot.
For his weak strength they were too strong—
This the lad found as he fell headlong.
The folks around were up in alarm,
As the wheels sped by his head and arm;
There came running out from the haystack
Men, thinking soon to carry him back.
The mother and son then went off home,
And were glad to find no broken bone.
They dressed the wounds, and sighed a prayer—
Gave praise to God for the life he spared.

He was thus mercifully preserved by God for more active service in His vineyard, previous to which he followed David's employment of

Keeping Sheep

for three years, and then returned for another three years' drill at the plough's tail. During the latter part of that time he began to frequent the public-houses, and was gaining a strong desire for life, drink, and the

False Pleasures

which the world offered.

As his rural employment did not tend in this direction, he soon made up his mind to leave home

and its surroundings for some livelier locality. Carrying out this purpose, he

Made for London,

but did not halt long in that great city, having a desire to make his way in a northerly direction.

Accordingly himself and a mate pushed on until they reached

Middlesbro',

in Yorkshire, where they pitched their tent, having left their homes over three hundred miles behind. But it was not till after he was here over twelve months (during which time he had paid a visit to his home), at one of the public-house

Free-and-Easys

that he used to visit, one of Rolfe's mates asked him if he would go with him to the Theatre on the Sunday, as there was going to be a special "go" there. He agreed to go both afternoon and evening, but backed out of the afternoon service, and only went in the evening.

And to hear the General preach in Middlesbro' Theatre on Lot's escape from Sodom and Gomorrah was, to his mind, as vivid as a

Panorama,

or as startling as a theatrical scene, where the effect is brought about by blue lights and artificial stress of weather. He seemed to see Lot's wife, as she turned round to have that last but

Fatal Look

at Sodom, turned into a

Pillar of Salt,

and her soul take its departure into hell. And then a voice came piercing its way to the gallery where he sat, saying she (Lot's wife) did not mean to go to hell. "Oh," says Rolfe, "I do not mean to go to hell."

But Shall I?

The arrow now had gone home to his heart. Then a

Fearful Struggle

took place in his soul with the powers of darkness. But when the invitation was given for those who needed Salvation to come on the stage and seek it, after some more struggling he voluntarily left the gallery; got

On the Stage,

knelt against the scenery; saw

The Scenes

of Calvary, with its bleeding victim; got pardon through his death, rejoiced in the knowledge of

Sins Forgiven,

and was so happy. The devil suggested he should keep it to himself, but he said, "Oh, no; that won't do. I must let everyone know it;" so he went home to his lodgings, and waking up those of his fellow-lodgers who had gone to bed, told them the glad news. He, therefore, defeated the devil's designs the

First Night

he had left his ranks.

He now enrolled his name with the Army, serving under the valiant Captain (now Major) Dowdle — doing a little for his new Master; not by much speaking, for that, he says, he could not do much at, but by attending the Open-air services as much as possible, and helping with the singing, besides giving his experience at times. One reason he did not do more in speaking was that, as there were plenty of better speakers, he might keep quiet. But when he left the meetings he felt

Condemned

because he had not spoken when he had the opportunity. Then he would think it was not right for him to hold his tongue, or, in other words, to keep quiet because there were better speakers; so he set about to do his best, and, he says,

"His Best was Only Middling,"

but God used it in the Salvation of many precious souls. When the station at

North Ormesby

was opened (Middlesbro' III.), he was transferred to help, as he lived in this part. A glorious soul-saving work broke out, and here he served as a Soldier for three years, the first twelve months under the gallant leader, Captain Roberts—now Staff-Captain and editor of the *Little Soldiers' War Cry*. Then followed

The Happy Cornishman, Captain Trenhall, Captain Wright, and Captain Estill. May these dear Officers and all we love Meet us around the throne above.

While labouring under the last-named Officer, marching orders came for Rolfe to be despatched to

Masbro',

so that the time had come for him to leave his dearly-loved comrades, with whom he had labored so long, but not without their best blessings and benedictions. These comrades he still remembers at the

Throne of Grace,

and their prayers he still craves. He found his first post as an Officer a hard one, but had the joy of seeing a few precious souls seek forgiveness at the Cross. After seven weeks' holding the fort, he was forwarded to

Manchester,

then under the command of Mr. Ballington Booth. The work here was tremendously rough,

Place Besieged,

Officers summoned, Mr. Ballington Booth

Imprisoned.

The devil raged in human form, but victory came. He saw hundreds of precious souls seeking the Saviour, some of whom are now Officers in the Salvation Army. His next move was to

Winlaton,

in the county of Durham, to which place he travelled on a cold November day, and on the same day of the month, four years before, God had, for Christ's sake, pardoned his sins. When he arrived at Blaydon, four miles from Newcastle, he got out of the train, and thought at first that there was no one there to meet him, but on reaching the top part of the platform he met two persons—one an Officer of the Blaydon Corps, the other a Salvation Soldier. From these two he received a

Warm Welcome,

and, he says, "no more than he felt he needed on that cold, dark November night, with snow a good depth on the ground." No cab was to be had, so he had to leave his luggage, which was brought by a friend the next day in his cart; and as he travelled up the steep hill to Winlaton, over a mile above, through the snow, Rolfe hoped in his heart that it would be

Better Higher Up.

Being rather late he had to hurry up to get a cup of tea. Now for the Open-air service. Four of them marched out, but, remember, two of these were borrowed, so for the first start he had a poor show in the field, and he felt it was cold outside and cold inside. But he kept close under the feather of the Almighty, for fear of being

Frozen Up

in his soul, as he dreaded coldness of heart, and prayed often night and day that his heart might be kept full of the warm love of Jesus. However, he found some warm-hearted friends, and some poor sinners found Salvation through trusting in Jesus, and these he trusts to meet in a

Warmer Clime.

Here Rolfe endured hardness as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ and conquered by the help of God, and now he is not sorry that he passed through that training field.

He now turned southward to the cathedral city of

Salisbury

where Happy Isaac and himself laboured together, and saw some of the worst saved, although it was rough work in the Open-air Meetings. But Jesus dwelt richly in their hearts, which far exceeded anything they could get from the world. With a warm-hearted lot of Soldiers round them, willing to fight or die, with such people, these were

Happy Days.

To hear those Soldiers sing would do your heart good.

Dudley

was his next station. His stay here was over eleven months, during which time 677 poor sinners sought and found Salvation at the feet of Jesus. Some of the worst characters got gloriously saved.

One, especially, was a notorious drunkard and wife-beater; his poor wife had been for six or seven days together without being able to see out of her eyes, and having a child to nurse at the breast at the same time. Truly, it was a sad and pitiable case, but both got saved, and lived to love and serve God, and to love and please each other. This was a most wonderful change.

Another was one who, before his conversion,

While under the influence of Drink,

made an attack upon his wife to cut her throat with a knife, and she, putting her hand up to save herself from his wicked design, had the back of her hand cut so severely, that, had it not been for a compassionate God, who, as it were, gave her supernatural strength, and enabled her to wrench the knife from his hands, her life would have been forfeited, and also the lives of the children, for his intention was to

Murder them all.

But now he and his wife are living monuments of God's loving and sparing mercy, and are now walking hand in hand to Emmanuel's land. To God be all the praise.

Another was a man who was two yards three inches high, who one week stood on the footpath in one of the worst neighbourhoods, whilst the Army held its meeting in the street, and during the time of prayer, this man kept shouting to interrupt them, but after the prayer was over the Captain beckoned for him to come near; he answered the call, and as the Captain opened the ring and shook hands with him, the arrow of conviction pierced his soul, as he was persuaded to give up sin and live for God. He thought he was

Too bad to be saved,

and so did many more, but as the Army marched off, he was linked into the front rank by the Captain, the wife following the procession, fearing that he might be upsetting someone or something, as he had

Upset her many times.

But that night he found his match in Jesus, the sinner's friend, and instead of upsetting the meeting, he was upset himself in the fountain that cleanseth from all sin; and from that night he marched, and sang, and spoke for the new-found Master. Shortly before the Captain's departure for Australia, that same man picked the Captain up in his arms like a child and kissed him, and bestowed upon him his benediction, praying that in Australia he might be the means, in God's hands, of bringing many like himself to the feet of Jesus. There are many similar cases, but we have not time or space to record them, whose whole worship previous to their conversion was drink, cards, dog-fighting, and pigeon-

flyng. Truly that country is not wrongly named *black*; but, thank God, those black hearts are being washed white through the blood of Jesus.

His next appointment was at Bloxwich, a country town about eleven miles from Dudley, which place he was to open, and being worn down and sick by the eleven months' ceaseless fighting at Dudley, and there being a week to spare before the opening, he proceeded to Matlock Salvation Home of Rest, for a reviving of the body, which the matron thought would take longer than a week, and wished to write Headquarters to appoint someone else, but Rolfe thought that as he was appointed

The Lord would give strength.

So at the end of the week he proceeded to his new place—arriving on Saturday afternoon; sought and found lodgings; got the 500 *War Cry*s from the station, and set the lads to sell them, and in the evening Major and Mrs. Faurett, with Lieut. Burchett from Birmingham First Corps, arrived, and as they marched through the main street at about every 100 yards they knelt and prayed, which caused great excitement. After this they went out and sold *War Cry*s, and then off to their lodgings to get ready for the attack the next day. Rolfe now felt almost exhausted, and was in great pain, and spoke to Lieutenant Burchett about it, and then said "I believe the Lord can cure me; don't you?" He said, "Yes." Rolfe then closed his eyes, and prayed that the Lord would take the pain away, and the Lord answered that prayer there in the street, and Rolfe was cured.

They then went upon the green, with reinforcements from surrounding corps. It was estimated that 3,000 people were present. After singing and speaking they formed up into ranks and marched to the Barracks with difficulty, as it was a bit rough. The Barracks, which held about a thousand people, was crowded that morning with men. Throughout the day the meetings were good, and twenty-six precious souls surrendered to the call and sought Salvation at the feet of Jesus. During his stay of five months over six hundred came forward to be saved. Some of these were of the worst character.

One was a man who had been in prison so many times that he had lost count. He was a cruel husband, as he used to beat and turn his wife out of doors. One time he tried to

Blow up the House,

with his wife in it, but as the doors were open, the

powder had better vent for its force, while he got severely burned and blackened. Before his conversion he

Gave the Devil a Week's Notice.

The next Sunday morning he was marching about as early as four o'clock, wishing for the seven o'clock Knee-drill, that he might be saved. That morning he found the Pearl of Great Price, and ever after rejoiced in the possession of it.

Another was a man of whom the most sanguine had very little hope of his conversion. Many times his wife had had to run for her life, and then he took his revenge out of the furniture; but one week night he came to the Great Physician, and old things passed away. Many prophesied his downfall, but they were false prophets, for he found the Grace of God sufficient for him.

Another was one who for years had served under the

Bondage of Satan.

One Sunday night, with fourteen others, he came forward, knelt down, and asked God's forgiveness for the past, which there was every reason to believe they received. He was six weeks a Soldier on earth, when the chariot of God swooped from the skies to pick up this new Soldier of the Cross for the Army Triumphant. On the Sunday that the Captain spoke of this Soldier's promotion to Heaven twenty more souls were brought from death unto life.

Rolfe's next move was to

Birmingham I.,

which is a grand field for labour, though rough at times. The Lord wonderfully blessed his labours, and those of Lieutenant Hoskins, and during their stay of six months, over a thousand precious souls sought for cleansing in the blood of Christ. He says he found these Soldiers the most Godly and devoted he ever met with. They not only believed in Holiness as a theory, but lived it at home and abroad.

It was during his stay at Birmingham that Australia was impressed upon his mind, and, strange to say, the night before he received a letter from Headquarters, London, concerning his going to Australia, himself and his Lieutenant had a serious talk concerning it, as he felt he would have to go; and some week before he had written to his parents,

asking them what they thought of his going to

Australia for Jesus.

The reply was that, while they would much sooner he stayed in England, if the Lord wanted him to go to the Australian climes, they would willingly consent; so that God seemed to impress upon him that he would have to go even before he was asked. Being now fully convinced that it was God's will, he wrote back to Headquarters, saying he was willing to go to Australia for Christ. After bidding farewell to his many friends and comrades up and down the country, receiving their many good wishes for his future happiness and success as a soul-winner, getting married—and, perhaps to save controversy about where he got his wife from, as many people ask where Cain got his from—he states she was a Yorkshire lass. She was a Soldier of Middlesbro' III. Corps before her entrance into the Young Women's Training-Home, from whence he married her—not to go into the land of Nod, but to Australia—not as a vagabond, but a Soldier of the Cross.

Their last public meeting was at the Congress Hall, when colors were presented by Mr. Booth—Mr. Bramwell Booth and many of the Staff being present; also Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, of Adelaide. Although the rain poured down, some 3,500 people gathered together for the occasion. The first Army procession through the City of London was the escort by Cadets—men dressed in red guernseys, and the female Cadets dressed in their proper uniforms—to accompany Captain and Mrs. Rolfe to Fenchurch-street station, where they took train for Gravesend to join the Sorata, which was destined to proceed to Melbourne. From thence by the Claud Hamilton to Adelaide, where he was to take charge of the

Adelaide I.—Royal Blood-Washed,

which he did on September 1, 1882. He found the usual difficulties in taking charge of his new station had to be overcome, but he was equal to the task of undertaking the responsible duties which now he had to contend with. He began his fight for the Captain of his Salvation endowed with the power of the Holy Spirit, and it consequently followed that during his nine or ten months' stay in the City of Adelaide that many precious souls were won for the

King of Glory

under Captain Rolfe's command. As his stay in